the meanness and the anger that is the politics of the 1990s. The message is that politics does not have to be as mean and as angry as is now the rule.

I don't say this only because of the personal relationship between Tom and me. But beyond recognizing our good relationship, there is something more in the message of today's awards.

Consider what it means when there are two men of the year who made careers in politics, when one is a Democrat and the other a Republican, one a liberal, the other a conservative, one a supporter of Carter and Mondale, the other a supporter of Reagan and Bush. Consider what it means when there are two men of the year, who often disagreed, who often canceled one another's votes in the Senate.

For those citizens who are in a constant state of rage about government, it would be difficult to honor either Tom or me; it would be impossible to honor both of us at the same time. It would be difficult to honor either of us because, with the thousands of Senate votes we cast, each of us has done enough controversial things to make every Missourian mad at least some of the time.

And if it would be difficult for an outraged citizen to honor either one of us separately, it would be absolutely impossible to honor both of us together. Even those who agreed with one of us could not have agreed with both of us at the same time.

If it is essential to you that your politicians reflect your views, and if it angers you when they don't, then Tom, or I, and certainly both of us together, must have made you very angry very often. Many people have theories to explain the general sense of outrage felt against politics and politicians. Some point to the media generally, or more specifically to talk radio or Rush Limbaugh. Some point to negative election campaigns and unprincipled political consultants. All of that deserves attention, but I think there is something more—something broader than the latest trends in the media or in campaigning. It has to do with what people expect from government.

When expectations are unrealistically high, outrage at failure is sure to follow. When we believe that government should have all our answers, we are angry when it has none of our answers. And unrealistic expectations of government are the order of the day. This is true on both the left and the right. On the left, it is thought that government can manage the economy and cure the ills of society. On the right it is thought that government can deter crime and restore personal and religious values. In each case, platforms and programs are thought to hold the key to success, if only the right law is enacted, if only the right people are in charge.

We attribute our failures as a country to failures of our government. We say that our politicians are out of touch. They don't do things our way. They are incompetent, maybe even corrupt.

Our problems are not of our making, but of their making. If only right thinkers were in power, we could get on with the people's business—the business of balancing the budget and cutting taxes and retaining all the benefits we demand.

It is no wonder that we are so angry at government when our expectations are so high. If government has the power to make things right for us and simply doesn't do so, of course we should be mad.

But we have got it wrong, wildly wrong by any historic standard. It is not that government is bad, only that it is government. As such it is limited, not by accident, but by design, not because it is poorly run, but because it is run as our founders intended it to be.

Government is not perfect, and it was not supposed to be perfect. It is not omnipotent, because it was not intended to be omnipotent. It was not intended to rule the economy or our health care system or our families or our values. It never had the total answer, it never had total power—it had limited power and the limited capacity to make things better.

It makes sense to honor Tom Eagleton and Jack Danforth with the same award only if there is a high level of tolerance for each of us, only if you see that each of us was off the mark, that neither of us had all the answers, that it was enough to make a good try.

The business of government is not to reach perfection, for perfection is not reached in this world. Marxism's lesson is that when government attempts to reach perfection, it must be totalitarian.

RECALLING A MAN WHO STAYED THE COURSE

● Mr. SIMON. Mr. President, one of the gems in our society today is Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America and former assistant to Lyndon Johnson.

Recently, I saw his op-ed piece in the Los Angeles Times on the 30th anniversary of the inauguration of Lyndon Johnson as president.

His article reminded me what I heard on the radio recently that our statistics on the children who live in households below the poverty level has risen to 26 percent. I did not hear the source for that, I do not know if it is accurate. The traditional measurement we have been using is 23 percent. And what a tradegy that is. No other Western industrialized democracy comes anywhere near a figure like that, a figure that is totally and completely preventable.

While the Vietnam war marred the record of Lyndon Johnson, what he accomplished in the domestic field—in helping people who desperately need help—should jog our conscience today. There is so much mean-spiritedness and lack of concern for the poor. It appalls me.

All Americans need hope and instead of giving many of them hope, we are giving them jail cells or desperate poverty.

I ask that the Jack Valenti item be printed in the RECORD.

The editorial follows:

RECALLING A MAN WHO STAYED THE COURSE

(By Jack Valenti)

On this day 30 years ago, Lyndon B. Johnson was inaugurated in his own right as the 36th President of the United States. He has been elected President the previous November in a landslide of public favor, with the largest percentage of votes in this century, matched by no other victorious President in the ensuing years. This day plus two is also the 22nd anniversary of his death.

Is it odd or is it merely the lament of one who served him as best I could that his presidency and his passing find only casual regard on this day?

He was the greatest parliamentary commander of his era. he came to the presidency with a fixed compass course about where he wanted to take the nation, and unshakable convictions about what he wanted to do to lift the quality of life. Against opposing forces in and outside his own party, in conflict with those who thought he had no right to be President, contradicting conventional wisdom and political polls, he never hesitated, never flagged, never changed course. He was a professional who knew every nook and cranny of the arena, and when he was in full throttle, he was virtually unstoppable.

He defined swiftly who he was and what he was about. He said that he was going to pass a civil-rights bill and a voting rights bill because, as he declared, ''every citizen ought to have the right to live his own life without fear, and every citizen ought to have the right to vote and when you got the vote, you have political power, and when you have political power, folks listen to you.'' He promptly told his longtime Southern congressional friends that though he loved them, they had best get out of his way or he would run them down. He was going to pass those civil-rights bills. And he did.

He made it clear that he was no longer going to tolerate ''a little old lady being turned away from a hospital because she had no money to pay the bill. By God, that's never going to happen again.'' He determined to pass what he called ''Harry Truman's medical-insurance bill.'' And he did. It was called Medicare.

He railed against the absence of education in too many of America's young. He stood on public rostrums and shouted, ''We're going to make it possible for every boy and girl in America, no matter how poor, no matter their race or religion, no matter what remote corner of the country they live in, to get all the education they can take, by federal loan, scholarship or grant.'' And he passed the Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

He was in a raging passion to destroy poverty in the land. He waged his own ''War on Poverty,'' giving birth to Head Start and a legion of other programs to stir the poor, to ignite their hopes and raise their sights. Some of the programs worked. Some didn't. But he said over and over again, ''If you don't risk, you never rise.''

He often said that no President can lay claim to greatness unless he presides over a robust economy. And so he courted, shamelessly, the business, banking and industrial proconsuls of the nation and made them believe what he said. And the economy prospered.

On the first night of his presidency, he ruminated about the awesome task ahead. But there was on the horizon that night only a thin smudge of a line that was Vietnam. In time, like a relentless cancer curling about the soul of a nation, Vietnam infected his presidency.

If there had not been 16,000 American soldiers in Vietnam when he took office, would he have sent troops there? I don't believe he would have. But who really knows? What I do know is that he grieved, a deep-down sorrow, that he could not find ''an honorable way out'' other than ''hauling ass out of there.''

I think that grieving cut his life short. Every President will testify that when he has to send young men into battle and the casualties begin to mount, it's like drinking carbolic acid every morning.

But it was all a long time ago. To many young people not born when L.B.J. died, he is a remote, distant figure coated with the fungus of Vietnam. They view him, if at all, dispiritedly.

But to others, to paraphrase Ralph Ellison, because of Vietnam, L.B.J. will just have to settle for being the greatest American President for the undereducated young, the poor and the old, the sick and the black. But perhaps that's not too bad an epitaph on this day so far away from where he lived.●